

"Plenty of Blame

to go around." Whenever the scandal de jour hit we were informed of this. But I never expected it to be enshrined in a law.

Now I have received a registered letter regarding the latest mortgage mess. My Guilt Index is .067. I called the 800 number and listened, not unpleasantly, to Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. Eventually, a Ricky answered, telling me I had to be interviewed even though I had no mortgage, renting an apartment.

My interview had been outsourced to Zellseek, a corporation in a nearby industrial park.

Zellseek had recently organized flatly, and no one proved responsible for anything. But an obsequious robot gave me a t-shirt with .067 embroidered on it. He took me to three departments where they were too busy to speak to me.

Finally, a Rolden Excelsior rolled up with delicious coffee and scones. "Isn't it all so terrifically silly and stupid?" he asked rhetorically.

The scones were blueberry and heavenly. "Who baked...?" I began.

"I do everything around here!" Soon he was helping me into a green blazer. "Do you feel like you've won the Masters?" he laughed. "At any rate, please accept this gift from my robot associates to lessen the inconvenience of being subjected to such asinine incompetence."

"A Rolden Excelsior?" my bud, Nick, gushed later. "Your path is golden from here out!"

Indeed I was friended on Robo-Universe shortly thereafter; also invited to a picnic where I proved the only human.

My Rolden scolded me for not wearing the blazer. Everywhere you go! Will protect you when...